

THE
Lombard - Street Lecturer's
L A T E
Farewell Sermon,
A N S W E R ' D :
OR, THE
Welsh Levite
Toss'd De Novo.

A
D I A L O G U E
Between David J-nes and Dr. John Bastwick; and Lovewit and Fairman, two of his late Parishioners.

Addressed to the Bankers of Lombard-Street.

Tantæ animis Celestibus iræ Virg.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for the Assigns of John Bastwick, and Sold by T. J.
without Temple-Barr, 1692.

TO THE
BANKERS
OF
Lombard-Street.

Gentlemen,

The Popular Noise of a certain Farewell Sermon, Preach'd amongst you, has Rang so loud in the Town, that all Tongues are full of it; for indeed, there is that extravagant Vengeance in it, denounced against you, (for you are his Mark,) as seems not a little amazing. This Farewell, (to give the Author his due,) has dealt Hell and Damnation as liberally amongst you, as ever the late Famous Impostor Wickham (in his last Will and Testament) did his Lands and Legacies; and truly, upon due Examination, 'tis to be fear'd, with equal Truth and Veracity, our Lombard-Street Pastor being much the same Oracle with the St. Clements Testator.

Eternal and irrevocable Damnation, Gentlemen, is a very severe Sentence, and the bold Pronoucer, ought to weigh before he Dooms; for 'tis not the pretended Pastoral Commission and Authority, can Warrant such Pulpit Thunder-Claps to strike at Random. 'Tis easier to Cry out, An Usurer! An Usurer! Good Lungs, and Mud-Zeal may go far, but right Reason, and upright Judgment, ought to go farther. He that would shew us the Fiend, would do ho-

neftly to point us the Cloven-foot : And our Open-Mouth'd Zealot, when he resolv'd, in a full Cry, to run down all Lombard-Street at a Breath, he would have done well to have Thought a little before he Talkt all, and only paus'd, to make some Distinction betwixt Commerce and Extortion, Honest Traffick, and Unjust Usury. Had he given you that fair play for your Liyes and Souls, (for they were both under his Law) he had done something. But truly our Head-long Jehu-Driver, had no such License to spare, and his Patrons must expect no such Favour at his hands.

In short, you take Interest for Money, and with the Spirit of Muggleton, (the Copy only out-doing the Original) he has over and over told you, you are all Damn'd for it. And as he began with you, to keep up his Character, he resolved to end with you; his Farewell we understand, being only a Summary of his former continued Fulminations against you. By what Inspiration all this condemn'd Vengeance against you moved, I will not pretend to inquire, it being possibly no where better describ'd than in a Famous Poet.

Thus Wind i'th' Hypocondriack pent,

Proves but a Blast, if downward sent;

But if it upward chance to fly,

It turns new Light and Prophecy.

Now Gentlemen, the business of this following Discourse being a vindication of Truth, in answer to the Indignities and rude Treatments you have received from him, and consequently, to justify the publike Right you have done your Selver; as such, it begs your favourable Acceptance.

THE

The INTRODUCTION.

THE Town has been entertain'd with a late Farewel Sermon, Preach'd by David Jones, late of St. Mary Woolnoth; a piece (you may judge) of no small merit, when the Bookletter could afford so many Guineas for the Copy, a price rarely given for a Sermon. But you are to consider, there's something more than Golpel in it. The Preacher, the Cause, the Occasion, and the matter contained in it, affords some (very out of the way) Rarity, and the general reception it has met, perhaps, is owing to that chief, if not only Curiosity. The parting with a good Benefice, you may imagine, was a little provoking, and not to say, *The Welch Blood was up*, let it suffice, The Man of God, like other frauler Mortality, was angry, and has not been sparing of Gall to his Ink.

As such then his Farewell appears in Print; and if his Readers are as numerous, as his Auditors were, we are not much to wonder at it. For 'tis the common weakness of Mankind, to be more charm'd with Diversion than Instruction. And on that score, we find it so popular a piece.

To examine this doughty Farewel-stroke throughout, 'twould be a work too tedious, but as his keenest Shafts is shot against Usury, and chiefly levell'd at the great Bankers, his Worshipful Parshioners to expose that Scurility and Detraction, and unmask the feeble Rayler, is the Subject of our present Discourse.

His great positionn, That *He that taketh any Increase, is an Usurer, and that a man as shall surely die for his Usury, and his Blood shall be upon his own Head, &c.* In Answer to which,

First, To the Legality of Increase, or Interest of Money. Such Interest is establish'd by the strongest Law of the Nation, by Act of Parliament. Now if that Law be no Authoritative Warrant for the practice of it; instead of Snarling and Babbling at a few of his Banker Parshioners, Why does not our great Champion of truth, strike at the Root of so raigning a Sin (as every Faidful Minister ought) and consequently declare, that the Temporal Law that encourages it, as being expressly against the Law of God, is in it self null and void, and thereupon humbly move our present King, Lords, and Commons, to attend to gross an Oversight and Faulbin their Erronous Predecessors, by Abolishing that Unchristian Statute. For without this, all his Preaching will be in vain; for unless our hon interest Predicator can Convince the World, That he is Wiser than the whole Nation besides, whilth the Increase of

Money continues *Cave Privilgio*, under the Sanction of Decrees and Statutes, 'twill be absolutely impossible for him to perwade the Rich Men of the Nation, to quit so fair a Feather in their Caps, upon one single Doctors Opinion against it.

Besides, as I take it, our present Establishment of 6 per Cent. was settled in a Protestant Reign, and 'tis to be thought, that the whole Episcopal Body, as Prelates in Parliament, were assenting to such a Law. I am sure we do not read of any Ecclesiastical Votes against Interest Money, at the passing of that Act. And were the great Pastors of our Church, our Bishops, and Law-makers, all in the wrong, and only our Diminutive Curate of *Lombard-Street* in the right? If so; I know no reason our over modest Preacher has to spare those offending Churchmen, any more than he has sometimes done the rest of the Clergy, in his famous Invectives against Pluralities.

So much for the National Authority for Increase of Money. Now let us examine the thing as purely in it self. Shall a rich Money'd Man lend such a Trader, or Merchant so much Money, by which, through his lawful Industry, shall that Trader or Merchant gain possibly 30 or 40 per Cent. and at last, through rolling that first Foundation Stone, arrive to infinite Riches, and after all repay his kind Patron, with no Interest, Advantage, or Consideration whatever. Shall the Borrower grow so fat, and the Lender, the Founder of the Feast, look on and starve. Is this thy Gospel Justice, thou Man of God?

Besides, What's the Money more than Money's worth! Are Silver and Gold more Riches or Wealth, than Sheep and Oxen? The Grasier that drives his Six Oxen to Market, makes Increase, for he sells 'em for more than they cost him, and perhaps with their Sale, brings 7 the next Market-Day, and so to an Hundred: And shall Money, and only Money, be debor'd that Improvement. Shall the Goldsmith make Increase by his Gold Rings, and Silver Tankards with Honesty but lie under our Boanerges Anathema of Damnation, if he does it by his pieces of Eight? Certainly it looks a little hard, that Land shall have free Liberty to exact 3 per Cent. from the hard Labours of the toiling Hind and Peasant, that gets his daily Bread by the Sweat of his Brow; and Money, at the same time shall be denied the priviledge of raising a profit from the Luxury of a borrowings Courtier, the Ventures of a prosperous Voyager, or the like; especially when liable to Shipwrecking the whole Fund, the very principal exposed to harm; when on the contrary, the safer Terra firma runs no such danger.

Besides, if Usury (I mean under a moderate Restriction and Limitation) were unlawful; How comes it, that in the parable of the Ten-Talents, [Matth. 25:14.] our Saviour rebukes the Negligent Servant that hid his Talent under ground, with so severe a Reprimand, as, *Thou wicked and slothful Servant - Thou oughtest to have put thy Money to the Exchangers,*

exchangers, that at my return I might have received my own with Usury. Giving him no less a Condemnation, than Cast ye the unprofitable Servant into outer Darkness, &c. Belike in our Saviour's time there were Banks, and Exchangers, as well as in Lombard-street Precinct. And though this is only spoken by way of Parable, yet it is very strange, our Saviour should compare the Kingdom of Heavon, and the means himself prescribes to attain it (as such is this Parable) to the vilest, and (if our David may be believed) to so Diabolical a sin, for his Allusion, as Usury. Our Saviour's Way to Heaven, and our Levi's Down-right Road to Hell, methinks, are something ill-matcht together. But our Gospeller reads the Bible, perhaps, with peculiar Spectacles of his own.

Well, but for once let us lay aside the Parable of Heaven, and the Authority of Christ himself in this point, and examine Interest of Money in its polick Capacity, as consistent with the Publick, in a National Concern.

Granting then for once, that our Divine Enthusiastick has deliver'd an Oracle, That Usury, or Increase of Money is that unlawful Gain w^t to debar the Receiver from the Benefits of Christ; and exclude him from the Sacrament; nay, Salvation it self without Restitution first made, and that the Rules of our Christianity declare so positively against it, that it ought to be prohibited and banish from out of a Christian Government. Granting all this, I say, let us examine the publick Consequences of such a Prohibition.

First, if Money be debar'd improvement, nothing but Land, or Trading can make any Increase. Hereupon no Wise Man will ever part with his Land; or if now and then an Accidental Purchase should happen, here are so many money'd Gapers to snatch it, that in one Twelve Months time, all the Lands in England, will be in Rich Mens hands, and such a thing as a sale of an Estate, scarce heard of in an Age. After that near three parts of the Money in England will be buried under ground. For who will let out his Money for Charity? If all that flowing Cash be call'd in, more than half the Traders, and Dealers in the Kingdom, must lie down and starve. For the Banks (the Exchequers that fed 'em) will be all shut up. And if it be objected, That then the Usurer must turn Merchant and Trader himself, if he will turn his Money to lawful Use. To that I Answer: What's this but turning the World topsy-turvy, setting the Cripple to Plough; putting Traffick and Trade into the Hands of Ignorance and Incapacity, to manage what they understand not; and letting Experience and Industry, that does understand it, a-drift to perish.

Nor will the Trafficker and Trader only suffer, all Degrees of Men must groan under this Rigid Doctrine of Non-Usury.

For Instance. Suppose a Gentleman of Estate and Quality, besides leaving the gros of a plentiful Estate to his Eldest Son and Heir, (as in all reason he should do so) to support the grandeur of a Noble Family, through

through his many Years Industry, and other good Fortune, hath made Provision for his Younger Sons, and his Daughters. For Example. Suppose a Daughters Portion is a brace of Thousand Pounds. This young Lady we will farther suppose ought in all Justice to match in some measure to her equal Quality, possibly some Country Gentleman of 3, or 400 a Year. Now upon the supposition that Interest of Money be forbidden. What signifies her Portion to such a Husband, not 3 pence. For first, as has been laid before, here's no purchase of Land to be found for it: To Merchandise with it, he understands not, besides 'tis breaking his whole Measures of Life to manage, or indeed to attempt any such unintelligible Trade, or Mystery. The business of living amongst his Tenants, and bearing a figure in his Native Country; upon his own Seat, and the like, is all he knows, or indeed all that ought to be expected from him. What must he do with this dead Load of Money? to spend it that's ill Husbandry; and ends in Ruine: 'Tis enough for every Prudent Man to live upto the height of his Annual Income; all that he draws from the main stock is perfect prodigality. Well then, he must keep all this Money buried by him, or lend it out for nothing (which comes much to the same end) and possibly 22 or 23 years hence, when he has Sons and Daughters grown up to Men and Women, he has this unimproved 2000 £. by him to bestow between 5, or 6 young Children, (the Wife and whole Family eating out the Annual profits of this Land) v.g. 2 or 300 £. a piece, just enough to set up his Sons for Country Shopkeepers, and to Match his Gentlewoman Daughters to some Inferior Mechanicks; and so both the Father and Mother of Quality, have the pleasure to see in one Generation, their Family dwindle to nothing; whereas, if this Two Thousand pound might have been improved for those three or four and twenty years together, here might have been sufficient to breed the younger Son at least to the genteel of Merchants or Traders, and to Match the Daughters to equal Blood, Fortunes, and Quality with themselves. But by our famous *Leveller's* Tenet, by the same parity of Reason, the highest Nobility must either turn Vnder to support the under Branches of Great Family, that is, if Money and Treasures are such useless Commodities; or else the Estate, that should go with the Honour, must be torn to pieces, and consequently by the Divisions and Subdivisions in 3, or 4 Generations, (provided they obey God's first Commandment, v.g. Increase and Multiply) the Richest and Noblest Family in England must shrink to a Skeleton.

Our Divine Author when he condemn'd Interest of Money, he did well to enjoyne the Cessation of *Coygall Delights*, the addition of Fasting Rights, to Penitential Days. For if a poor Heire to 20000 £. brings her Rightful and dutiable Spouse so worthless, and so useless a Dowre, with the Shackle of Non-Interest at the heels of it, instead of fasting Nights (especially if she be a Teemer) it will be necessary to enjoyne her fasting Years too, for fear of raising too numerous a Progeny for her Lord to be able to provide for.

For another Instance; Suppose an Heir or Executor to some Rich-Merchant, has his whole Patrimony left in Money, and what (as very often) through the Gentleman-Education his Trading Father has given him, he is utterly incapable of managing his Money in Merchandise (as his Father before him). This Rich Heir, without either Land to purchase, or Trade to drive, be his Inheritance never so large; yet if he lives but up to the rate of five per Cent of his Money, without the liberty of interest, to make up the daily Fraction, and happens to out-live 20 years, he must come to the Parson to be maintain'd, and dye a Beggar.

Nay, if so many thousands of Rich Men perish, what must the Poor suffer? How many poor Families are there in England, that drive their whole Weeks Trade upon the borrowed Money they pay every Saturday-Night, and maintain their Wives and Children out of Pledges and Loans; whereas if Money were not to be borrowed upon Interest, where should they find a supply to get in Bread?

But, to look yet a little higher into the inseparable Fatalities that attend upon now-Interest of Money; here is not only Rich and Poor, Trader or no Trader, say, Honour and Nobility, all suffering; but even Kingdom, and Crown'd Heads, under an absolute necessity of shaking by it.

For Example: If money be only Loanable *gratuit*, suppose the greatest Difficult and Exigence of State, the King cannot borrow upon the greatest Tax, or National Security whatever, unless good Natur'd Loyalty will give him that Credit (a Virtue not always, or at least, not every where in fashion) as to lend him, and especially such Lumping Sums, upon no other Return or Requital, but a Compliance.

Besides, where will he find Money to borrow, or indeed Taxes to be raised, for when Money is of no value but that we go to the Butcher, or Baker? Traffick will soon be dead, and the Nation over-run with the Wild Hogs Laziness, and indolence, to be kickt out of Doors; and when Money (the Vital and Life of a Nation) once stagnates, the whole Circulation of Trade, & milt-speed will quickly cease; and if that fails, farewell our wondrous Wealth and Honour, the whole Strength of the Kingdom. The Parliament, in either passing the present Bill before 'em, will be liable to the curse of Heaven, or Hell, for the Importation of Money to convert into a Country, to supply the National wants. Thus, instead of new Money, bringing in, they will have a care that the old do not all rot away, instead of the driving away, than the barren and unprofitable *Eager Peasants* import it; & in short, our

C. 1700. Vol. 2. p. 23. Zealous

Zealous Book-worm, without any farther prospect, without considering Common-wealth or People, Government or Constitution, or indeed any thing else, sets up his Throat to unloose all the Nerves of Commerce and Society, and consequently to unhinge whole Estates, and all by the stretch of a Text in *Ezekiel*, that forbids the taking of any increase; Never weighing in what Circumstances that Text was delivered, or whither it pointed, or how far it reaches the Case before him; nay, his Passion makes him to talk at random, that he declares, That *taking up for money* is every way *unlawful and incommittable, both to private Men, and Publick Society.* But how 'tis so, there he's pleased to be silent, talking without proving being indeed his greatest Talent.

But that our high-flown Pulpit-peer (*Preacher* we dare not call him, Modesty, Reason, and Truth, being the necessary Qualifications for that Character) may not run away with the Curse, and make Interest of Money so strangely destructive in Publick Society, we shall desire him but for once to consider (that is, if he has not absolutely forsaken all Consideration) in what Estate God left Mankind, after the fall of our Great Fore-father *Adam*, and some very necessary Consequences attending that Fall, that will give some farther light into the Question in hand, and discou's the Point before us.

When our banish'd first Parents were by the flaming Sword expell'd from Paradise, *The ground* (we ready ~~was cursed~~ for *Adams sake*, *Thorns and Thistles* it should bring forth, and in the sweat of his Face he should eat his Bread till his return to the ground.) From that dooming day, the Plough and the Spade, the Wheel and the Spindle, and in fine, Care and Labour, and Pain and Toyl, were the Product and Nine of Mans Original Curse. With this hard Portion, were the succeeding Race of Mankind to Plant the World, and be the Inhabitants and Successors of the Earth. From that day, according to the Industry to man of Men (the Sun-shining equally on the Just and Unjust) together with the secret and accountable Pleasure of Providence in its various Distributions of Mans outward Felicity, have our humore Blessings been so unequally divided.

From this unequal Division of Temporary Blessings, the succeeding Industry of the World has been necessitated to depend upon mutual Alliance, and Brotherly-help, from generation to generation. He that would labour must borrow the Plough, if he has none of his own. And as Money has all along, and ever will be (neither the threshing floor, or Potters Field to be had without it) both the Plough, and the Plough-driver, both the Seed and the Crop of the Harvest, and indeed the Sinew and

(17)

and Nerve of every moving Hand; under the fore-mentioned unequal Distribution of that necessary shining Dirt, what an incumbeſt necessity does there lye in all Degrees and Vocations of Mankind, to an Universal mutual Accommodation in that most important Working Tool,

Now in this plain case, if this grand Accommodation must be made from the able to the unabler Brother, to support the whole Being of Mankind, and thus too under all the Advantages and Succour to the ableſt, and neither Advantage nor害, but inevitable Ruin and Destruction (as has been before proved) to the ableſt, from the Non-Interest above-mentioned, What Injustice must govern the World, if so kind a Helping hand must be so ill rewarded? or on the other ſide, What Destruction must attend upon Publick Societies, if every able hand (as with good Reason in ſuch a caſe) ſhould be closed and ſhut up, and deny that Help to his wanting Brother.

Upon ſumming up the whole; When our Denouncing Levine breathed ſuch hideous Fulminations againſt Use of Money, more or leſs, in all Caſes whatever, as Eternal Damnation, &c. to have ſtrengthened that Position with manifeſtable Authority, he ought to have ſearched the Scripture for ſome Affirmative, as well as Negative Text, viz. Lend out thy Money to thy neceſſitous Brother without Interest, to feed him, and ſtarve thy ſelf, upon pain of Damnation; or the like, &c. and ſo have pref'd the Duty of Lending gratis, under the ſame Penalty, as doing it otherwise. For without ſome ſuch Scriptural-Command, ſuch Prodigal Works of Charity, ſo kind abroad, and ſo ruinous at home, will very diſtincly be impoſed upon Mankind; and without that Charity, the Calamities that follow are but too evident. If ſuch a Text could have been written, our Rev. Mr. Miller, and Wm. Scoville, had done his Work. But as theſe calamitous Consequences never enter'd his Head; his Egoism was ſomewhat high, and carried his Raptures ſo all Heaven-ward, that he did not before ſo look down upon this Diminutive ſpot of Earth, Communities and Conſtitutions, and the whole Benefits of Mankind, being no part of his Conſideration.

THE

THE
SERMON
Dissected,

IN
A Dialogue betwixt *David Jones*, the
Ghost of *John Bastwick*;
And *Lovewitt*, and *Fairman*, two of his
late Parishioners.

Inopem me Copia fecit.

Enter BASTWICK.

Bastwick. **W**ELL, the Extraordinary account my fellow-Infer, and Brother Saint, *William Lovewitt*, gave me lately of a young Successor to my Master's Spirit, has made me have the Curiosity of revisiting this City to have a little happy Converse with him, both for my Satisfaction, and his Edification; if I can but find the way to *Lambeth-Field*. I may chance to meet with him in some of the Holes of the Saints. But hold, here *Enter David*. comes a Man in Black, his moody looks, and haughty Port, as well as Stature, makes me hope that I may save my self any farther labour.

David. * *I am a Derision dayly, e'ry one mocketh me; for since I spake, I cried out Violence and Spoil, because the word of the Lord was made a reproach unto me, and a derision dayly;* then I said, *I will not make mention of him, nor*

Vide
26.

~~you find any merit in his Name.~~ These Men are like the Adders, that stop their Ears to the voice of the Charmer : * But let them not imagine that I will crack my Languish like a Waterman that cry-shrinking Fib, which nobody will buy ; for No, no, I can no longer bear to see
the Fibs of their deceitful beauty, made starkly uncouth, haggard, & ~~ugly~~
NAT U R E Blushes but to Name. Nor is it any collarable diversion
to me to set my inclination a Train, within the plain and Scrutinized
representation of the existing basenesses of a Bawdy Girl, who, where
she designs to Arm her Husband in the wrong place, pretermitteth her
self (yes verily) in a very unkindly manner, or to lay upon her Moving terms (for * my Sermons are not dead Letters, but very active
Animals) to touch, and pierce you to the quick, the Snit of the Huzband,
when he trespasses on the benevolence of his Pious Comforter, a
buxom young Harlot over a pint of Whore-Pint, in a Hedge-Taverne, or the bawdy Conulations of the Callid young Apprentice, and
the Demure Chamber-Maid.

Bessy. This must needs be the wry Men I hearke be brent fire and
Brimstone, and is more like me than if I had never heard the like
but a little more before I Entred here.

David. No, now this is a Generation of Vipers, that regards not
the Admonitions of the Zed, and Sonnaffers, ^{Booklets of Themselves} * v.
Dissensions, for tis but walking an evill course, to be so exacting
for them, since they sit as uncerned as a hardened Deacon in Hell, in
a modest Gun, when they * fear us spake, tho' to lay the truth bare
and to say all alreadye, * they do not seeme so much, for they hear us
and hear us not, at the very same instant of time, tho' otherwise present
at the overflowing Torrent of the Spirit, and Truth, and Holie-ghost.

Bessy. If soe then, I profit by your exhortation, David, if I have any
skill in Physiognomy, but he's gone on, and I may stop him at the
Gavotte of the Spirit.

David. What has all my Travell and paine availed me what advantage
in my Harveylance, where we dwelle on the Aymement of a Rocke
of Bras, as strong as the Rocke on which the Church was built in the
Gospel ? Has any of the Clerke-maids of my acquaintance
her Millreates Butter, to encouage her vault of Antiquitie, or any
phane ^{Memorier} for forsaken in abominable Jugement & Confinement
Quare-Pot, that a meryl Rosette, and a Purse full of Chappel-Silver, yet
any Corpulent Wallon of the Bawdry-Shoate, or Over-hill, who
vish Spirits for good Protestant Kochet, or Namis ? or, has any ungodly
dealer

(14)

dealer in Formication, reform'd her unchristian Negligence, in procuring
Answers instead of Coats: "No, no, yes verily, no; therefore I will tell
them aloud, I will forsake their Company, for I am not willing to go
to the Devil in their way; there are more ways to the Wood than one,
and if I must go, I'll Lead, and not Follow." No, no, let these Scoundrels go and be Damn'd by themselves if they will, for I love not their
Company; as I told them, since they will not hear me, out th'ro' me
out of the Pulpit, to send me, like ~~Wormwood~~, a Grazing on the
Ground, the Fields, to converse with the Beasts of the Wilderness.
— O! how do my Bowels of Compassion yearn for him, since I find
him in Tribulation for Confidence sake.— It must be his Persecution
has laid its Political Claws upon him, I can scarce contain, but that
I find he has not done yet.

But I will communicate the Truth to them, and the errors of
their Practices, they will hear, and sleep not the sic Fields afford
as easy a Dormitory, as a Pew lin'd with green Alvs in a Parish-Church.
I will Preach to the Birds of the Air, or to the Fishes of the Waters,
they will observe my Words, and lay up all my Sayings, in the reposi-
tories of their Brains, they will need no Church-warden to put
them in mind of making reflection to their ill-got Estates, or of their
failing and languishing, to the disturbance of the elevation of my Mind.
Now, I will Preach Repentance to the dark Inhabitants of the Earth,
and joy my God in the Aposteling with the Zealons Com. &c. General
in Converting the more Tyramble diminutive Pigmy Men of the Earth.
Nay, I will Abre deeper, yes even to the Bowels of Darkness,
and stochim, not with a soft Voice, or feeble Flame, but like
a true Son of Thunder, I will Blow louder than I Drove from the top
of Moab, or shull deluge such Rivers and Ponds, as will like a Cloud
of Thunder, and Lightning, reverberate the Thunderbolts in the
Earth, where it being something Dark.

By the Wounds of his Master, he will be stung, and by the
Pain of his Torture, he will be stoned, and no less than all the
of the world will be his torto, and no less than all the
fire which he will be burning incanting. I hear the Storm begin to
Rumble, and I mutter to him.— Save thee, my sweet son,
Honde, where Whar is the cause of all these thy Complaints? Has this
Caydation, but OMP principle so much, as flight to Worthy, a
Fusion.

David.

DAVID. * "The greatest common Blessings are never esteemed, as they ought to be. Who scarce ever gives thanks for the Light of the Sun, which is the greatest Blessing upon the Earth, except the Heavenly Blessing of my Preaching? but who are you, that thus familiarly Salute me with such sensible Words of Compliment? I remember not your Face among those that have not yet Delighted me in my Persecution." 1611. 1612. 1613.

Bishop. I am the Ghost of John Barnes, once Doctor of Physick, who afterwards gave Purgations to the Sons and Daughters; then Fours of thy Emulating my Virtues, has brought me from below, to embrace thee, and give thee some Instructions how to arrive to that Perfection I thy Precurse obtain'd in this Life.

David. I have heard of your Fame and Reputation, and am glad I am so much the care of the Saints departed, as to make them undertake such a Voyage for my sake. If I have not arrived to the Zenith of Perfection alreadie, I am sensible you can instruct me.

Bishop. First, my Noble Bishop, you must be as informed in Field
Affairs, as I was when I serv'd of William the Conquerour, that I had no notable
Puff nor Pillory, concerning always (said I) than I had in Earthly
Inheritance then he holds his Noble Army in Lower Saxonie, he has page
Orane to be, and every day to do him Service, then he has affinity to King
of Norwiche, if he shalld by his Mighty Armes, and the wisdome of
his Thunders, advance me to that Deth (meanwhile the Pillory) I doone up, but
by the Grace of God, I shall make there the Funeral Sermon of all the
Inhabitants of Englande.

David. And hence Sir, I have no book for behind-hand with
you in declaring my Resolution, and I entitle it "What shall hinder
me?" (but before taking the Truth, and Examination, in Difficult, or Pro-
secuting, and Examining of heresies, or hereticall opinions, as you will.) Let it be written
that the last we are here gathered together, are according to Saint
to the Subiect, for I am a true Sonne of the Devil, and a
Wicked, and unmerciful, and a treacherous, and a perfidious, and a
hypocritical, and a lewd, and a debonaire, and a whoremonger, I have never told you the first
telling the Truth.

Bishop. Very well begun; first you will be positive in your own
Justification, absolutely confirming your own Innocency and Virtue,
as I will give you an Example in my Letter to Mr. —— Wisker,
Keeper of the Gaolhouse. And for the Prior of Canterbury, where
William the Conquerour, and your Abby-Lester of York, their Oracles of
the North, who you still with the Title of Oracle, I will so stilye them,

See Note
Collection
Vol.page
1614.
1615.

as I shall make it evident they never knew what it was, for if they had had any grace, they would never have been Persecutors of them that were most ready and true Christians.

David. Ah. Sir, I am before hand with you there too; I defy the World to find any Saint, either Minister, or Triumphant, that excells me. ^{¶ Here am I witness (ninth)} against me before this Congregation, what is my Fault? Have I been guilty of any thing, besides telling you your sins, and of loving your Souls more than my own Interest? Give me the Man, throughout the world, that shall convince me of any publick immoral actions, that ever I have been guilty of, from my Child hood to this day, and I will freely undergo the punishment that is due to all those scandalous Reporters, that my Enemies have maliciously invented, and indiscretly spread abroad concerning me. Give me the Man that can alledge any other reason, why he is my Enemy, save only, because I have told him the Truth, and Christ has liv'd a Life in me, that is a Reproach unto him.

Dafid. That was a noble stroke indeed, and pass'd all but the Immaculate Conception; If you could have put in for that too, you had out-done all the Arguments of Scorns, for that of Mary.

David. That was a superfluous nicely, when I had brought my self all along to an equality to Jesus Christ, and a trans-
cendence above all the Apostles, for who of them had not
been guilty of some sin in their lives; Paul and Barnabas
were guilty of so much Immorality (as I declar'd in the be-
ginning of one my Sermons) as to fall out upon a trivial
account, so far as to separate Companies, as if they hated
one another. Paul also has persecuted the Faithful before
his Conversion, and Peter deny'd his Master after his; and
so you may run through the whole Twelve, nay, all the
~~Twelve thousand~~, that were listed in the ~~Apocalypse~~.

which is the 12th v. in chapter the 14th, where I ex-
plain my self to have no sin but

to have said, that I was not worth him, though he had

done great things; which is the 14th v. in chapter the 14th.

and great things I did to him, which are our tithe in

the 14th v. in chapter the 14th.

Befw. I am satisfied with what you have done, and find you are arriv'd very near Perfection: Next, you must be sure to find Faults, and great Crimes in every one else, discover their Backslidings in the Face of the Congregation, to the Eye of the World; and if you let any one be Innocent, but your self, you gain but half your Point. As for example: I will anatomize the Prelacy, and make it appear, that there is as little need of their Government in these Dominions, as was of Sampson's Foxes with their Fire-brands at their Tails in the Philistines Country. If we look upon the Lives, Actions, and Manners of the Priests and Prelates of this Age, and set their Pride, full Impudence, Uncharitableness, Ungodliness, &c. &c. we should think that Hell-hounds broke loose, and that the Devils in Sampson, in Hounds, in Coats, in Robes, and in four-square Courtards upon their Heads, were come among us, and had beset us.ough! how they stink! The Priests are a generation of Vipers, proud, ungrateful, illiterate, Affect, Secundum ordinem Diaboli. The Church is as full of Ceremonies, as a Dog is full of Fleas.

David. Hold, Sir, you mistake your Man; I am not he I once was; 'tis true, I have mauld the Clergy, Tooth and Nail, and given 'em as desperate thrushes as ever you did; but I am alter'd, I have lately told my Congregation, that I made 'em not a pack of lazy, sensless, sinful Rascals, to bring them into Contempt, but only,—only,—but only—for—for— for exercise of my natural Talent; and, to say truth, I have made 'em some amends, for I have establish'd it as an indubitable Truth, That no Minister can tell a Lye, or preach false Doctrine if he would.

Befw. How, my young *Dissengagor*, so fierce! but lately no Racks nor Tortures could alter you, and now for Colloquing with the Gentlemen in black, because you see it takes not with your Parochioners? You ought to love 'em, because you once befriended you.

David. Not so fast, my good Friend, I am not gone so far neither; as to be guilty of Recanting, for by this new Truth I have set up, I give a plaguy *Iniquity*, that what I said before was Truth too.

Befw. But, methinks, little Negro, you have advanced a piece of Babylonish Dialect, and out-shot the Whore of Rome's Infallibility, when you make it impossible for any private Minister to preach up any false Doctrine. Pray what do you think of the *Gnosticks*?

David. O, certainly, my Friend of Friends, they are damnable Heretics, * they were Notaries for all manner of Lewdness and Debauchery; * *Pa* did you pretend to a greater measure of Knowledge than other Men: These Gnosticks handled the Word of God treacherously, and made a Merchandise of the Souls of Men, and thought Gain to be Godliness.

Bastw. Then it seems the Ministers come by this Infallibility by a later Title than the *Gospellers*; but, methinks, you describe the Prelates of my time under the Name of *Gospellers*. Come, you had better stick to your first Principle, and pursue those Foot-steps I left you, of pulling down all the Relicks of the Scarlet Whore. Let me furnish you with a president, from a Bond of my inditing to that purpose, lest the World should scruple to take my word for it. 'Tis thus:

The Obligation of John Bastwick, Doctor of Physick, to Mr. Aquila Wycks, Keeper of the Gate-House, his good Angel, made September 28. 1636.

In nomine Domini incipit omne malum Episcopale.

BE it known therefore to all Men by these presents, That I John Bastwick, Doctor of Physick, in Limbo Patrum, do bind myselfe by this Obligation to Mr. Aquila Wycks, That if he number diverse me out of this Egypt, and House of Bondage, where now I am, by the tenth Day of October next, nor will nor let me go to sacrifice unto any Idolatry, that for that time forth, I will, with a Pen of Iron, arraigned in the Barreys of Prelates, so plague the Metropoliticallity of York and Canterbury, and the Hierarchy of all the other Provinces, that I will never leave them till I have sent them to the place where the true Rommyn Hall, Appinnes, the Great eyre Mustard and Green Justice, and others, Julius Caesar, Plato's Ratcatcher, stand of I be founed at any time remiss of this Endeavour, to pay unto the said Mr. Aquila Wycks, a small summe in the sum of the Beare is worth. It witnesseth I have set my Hand, the Day and Year above-written, being now resident in my Disease in Limbo Patrum.

JOHN BASTWICK

To see a few more words written before I end my Indictment, and to give you a full account of what I have done to satisfy the Prelates, I will add this, in regard whereon one Dr. David I think you will be well pleased to have a sight of it.

Thus with the Corallary I have added to my Litany, an additional Articles; the one to shew the summe of what I undertooke to do; the other to demonstrate the reason of the Calling I have to fling the Grolls which many doubt of. And this I have done to take away all Hesitation hereafter from all Men, when they shall see I am bound to it by a special Obligation under my own Hand.

David.

David. Oh, pray good Mr. *Bastwick*, don't go about to persuade me to renounce Prelacy, now I am out of Place. Now I am a poor *saint*, Who will look upon me? 'twou'd make me in some measure *Foto de se*, by starving my self for want of Preferment, their Hearts may mollifie, and forget I was their Scourge.

Bastw. Never think that, my dear True Penny, for thou art Metropolitically mistaken, if thou thinkst to find any more Bowels of Compassion now, than I did when I was in *Limbo Parvum*; you'll get nothing but the flap of a Fox Tail, take my word for't; for I try'd 'em long since in these Emphatical Words. Now the *Priest* has an Ample Husse fit for Entertainment, and a great Revenue to support it: Grandury; if he please, I and my Family will go and dwell with him; and by this means be shall exercise his Hospitality; by this means the Prophecy of *Hilah* will be fulfilled, the *Wolf* and the *Lamb* shall lie together. Pray you, next time you see his Highness of *Croydon*, ask him if he will do any good in his old days, for I never heard he did in his young. Ask him, I pray, if *England* will accomfry his Prophecies, or obey Apostolical Canons; The Parliament the Tail of the Beast.

David. But this reasoning them, and not asking a Favour; had you been a little more submissive, perhaps you might have far'd better.

Bastw. Sir, you may rest with such a vain Opinion, for a poor Curate of scarce 20 or 30 *Acre*, will be thy Lot, if thou persiste in this Prelacy. Wherefore thou tack entirely about to the Salaries, thou will have at least One hundred Pound per *Annum* in pure income, Received quarterly every Quarter, beside Superecclesiasticall Offerings, from the Devout Sisterhood. Nor shall you pay no Earth Fruits, and Tithes, nothing to the King, nothing to the Poor; and thou shalt ransom the wickedness of Bishops, Priests, and Nonresident Clergymen, and any thing, but thy own Congregation.

David. Why truly, Worthy Sir, you have us'd a great deal of Reason; in that you say, and I'll take it into my serious Consideration. The Advantages are many; better Pay, and more Liberty to rail at all Degrees of Dignities, and all this without the expence of Thought, or the trouble of first Studying and Composing; and then learning my Sermons by heart, since *quicquid in lucrum venit* will half *minimis inspiratione* thes Advantages, It may prevail; but I will consider on't.

Bastw.

Bafw. But oh, my Sanctif'd Reformer, you must debar none from the Sacrament on any Account, if the Cause require; for that is a Fundamental Institution of our Church, brought to Practice by the Reverend Mr. *Case* in my time; who, to encourage his Auditors to bring in liberally on the Propositions for Money, Plate, Horses, upon his Administ'ring the Sacrament, began thus, *All you that have contributed to the Parliament, come and take this Sacrament to your Comfort.*

David. Well, I say again, I will consider an't, and weigh the Proposition for the good of my Conscience.

Bafw. Then, my Noble *Feym*, I'll e'en leave this to this worthy Consideration, for I have ever laid my time, and shall scarce be trifled out of *Limbo* again on my Parole, but I must have some Devil of a Waiter or other at my Heels, when I have a mind to take the pleasurable Air here above, for fear I should bilk my Keeper, and so draw him in for Cakes and Ale. Therefore, farewell my worthy Son of Thunder. Exit Buffwick.

[As Buffwick goes out, Enter Lovewit and Fairman, two of his late Parliamentarians]

David. Let me consider, if I talk about to the Diff'rents 'twill make the World suspe^s, that I wore the Vizor of a Churchman so long, only to have the Advantage and Pleasure of railing at their Clergy in their own Pulpits; but when I can convince them, that the Injustice, Prophaneness, and Detrachery, as united in all its Members, openeth my Eyes, to see no other Degree of Excellency. Well, 'tis a weighty Point, and requires a great deal of thought.

Lov. Fairman, Dost not see yonder the abdicated David? more thoughtful than a broken Gammon, the lionall his Stock the last night at the Groom-Porters, as a disappointed Statesman, whose hopes are bilk'd by a Countermin.

Fair. Or one of his own Coat, on a Sunday-Morning when he had been taking a Cup of the Creature all Saturday Night. But prithee let's divert him from his melancholy Reflections on the loss of his Benefice.

Lov. Agreed; but if we make not haste, he'll give us the go-by, for he's upon motion you see: Why, how now my Man of Mettle! What, disponding for little Tribulations already?

David. Who? Mr. Lovewit, and Mr. Fairman? What Chance has brought you to my penf've Walks; not to seek me I warrant, but to ramble after some deluding Sin, or other.

Lov.

Love. What makes you so censorious, Doctor, to pronounce us guilty of *inordinate* desires, because we have a fancy to take a heating *Deambulation*? *Hony soit qui mal y pense.* Levite, I fear you come hither upon some such design, You suspect us less of dereliction from some compassionate like *Hearers*, I warrant, who brings thee some Elysian yellow Boys in thy desires.

Fair. No, no, *Lovewit*, none of his *Lady-bearers*, I dare swear, will have any fellow feeling for him, since he has so much at the expence of their pleasure solemnly declared they must have no conjugal satisfaction on fasting-nights.

Lov. Here is an easie salve for that sore; for if they may not have Conjugal delights, I presume they are free for a friendly *Contribution*. But little *David*, if thou wilt put in for the reversion of Mr. *Burges's* Congregation, thou shalt have my Vote, for 'tis pity such *Talents*, should be hid under the Bushil of no Preference.

Dav. I might have kept my preference still, if I would have winked at your crying him as my Successor will do, as I emphatically observ'd from the Nature of his Name. 'Tis not my way, Gentlemen, to utte the smooth truicke words of mans wisdom, like a String-fac'd Epicure of an *incumbent*, else I could have tickl'd your imaginations as well as the bell of them. No, no, I am a plain down-right man, I have enter'd into a Covenant against Learning, and Civility. I have bid defiance to them, I say, and to the Clergy, the *Confessors*, the Schoolmen, and the Philosophers, I have laid gerthee behind me, *Satan*, I have laid a side all my knowledge in the Tongues.

Lov. Which thy Greek motto to thy Sermon convinces, was most profound.

Dav. Was this reason tho' Gentlemen, sufficient to turn me out of my place?

Pain. No, no, what tho' you pointed at one, and nam'd another, and declare every man's private faults aloud, yet if we had had but a little patience, you would have made us a good a plaster for our heads you had broke, as you did for the Clergy, whom after you had brought down on their Many bones of Contempt, you with a loud and audible voice, bid rise up *Sir Infidelity*.

Dav. If I rail'd at the Clergy, 'twas only to gain a free passage for the Gospel.

Lov. Believe me, *David*, that was a needless trouble, since the Gospel has a passage as free as thou canst desire already, for it comes in at one ear, and goes out at another.

Dav. Ah, Gentlemen, I find this world's fin of *Lifers*, will not let you see the Truth, I had no Money to put out, that could blind my eyes, but that I might see without Spectacles or a Telescope, into the Millstone of the *Veracity* of the un lawfulness of taking lawful Interest, this was it,

you turn'd me out for, without any consideration; tho' I told you after, I found fair means would not do: that I should have *Bears*, and all the four-footed Animals of the Sublunary world, to revenge my quarrel on your Ingratitude, and the Ravens feed me with Bread as well as *Elias*; *Oh you of little faith*, and fear'd and bardred Conscience.

Lov. I find little *David* here took a touch of Mr. *Bays* his Politicks, in Prologues; one for *Terror*, and t'other for *Compassion*.

Dav. You wicked of *Sidon*, you have no regard to my spotless Innocence, tho' I have bid defiance to the whole World, not excluding any one part from the *South-sayers* of *Lapland*, to the *Pythagorean Bramins* of *Bantum*, from the bearded Gentlemen of our own *Welsh Mountains*, to the warm Bankers in *Lombard street*, to prove me guilty of any one of those Impurations *Samuel* once feared in my Circumstances upon a Resignation.

Lov. But *Samuel* (being an old Man, whose dancing days were done) left out one thing, which thou mightst have added, *wie* whole Wife have I consolated with the bounties of my Person, instead of the crums of Comfort of *soul-saying*, and *Spiritual Lectures*.

Fair. He might also have added, what worthy Parishioners have I pointed at in the Church, when I should have been reducing the *Scripture-instituted Pulpit*, *Thumping to practice*, because he was not so bountiful in his Contributions, as my not enough esteem'd Merits required.

Lov. But he has taken away all those Scruples at once, when he dares any man to prove him guilty of the least publick immoral Action in his Life.

Fair. — *Publick immoral Action?* prithee *David*, what dost thou mean by that?

Dav. I am a plain meaning Man, I love *simplicity*, and *foolishness*; nor do I couch my thoughts in *Ambiguous*, or *Ambitious Words*.

Lov. Prithee, his meaning is obvious enough, as thus, — If he has a mind to be drunk, he drinks not at a propane Tavern, Brandy-shop, or Ale-house; but within the consecrated Walls of a Brother Saint, where, if he or his Brethren get beofie, 'tis without noise, or shew; there is a double Pleasure in iniquity, when 'tis fallen from the view of the Publick; for they enjoy the Reputation of Saints, and the Delights of Sinners; — So, if he would have a blooming young Girl, as full of love as an unquesz'd Orange is of Juice, to give lusty Nature a necessary jog, he seeks her not out in the Mazes of a Night-Ramble, in the Street, or the Park, Wells, or Play, or any other place of publick resort; where, in an Evening, a lewd Punk, of the Eighteen-penny Gallery, puts on the Face of Innocence and Quality; nor will he venture the Conflagration of his Tabernacle in any known Vaulting-Schools, but meets the hearty and wholesome Embraces of one of his file *Devotee's*, who thinks it no small step in her Journey to the Saints Everlasting.

(23)

lasting Rest, by having her Vessel consecrated by the man of God. Sirs that are committed in the Eye of the World, lose half their pleasure; for they look with a Face of Lawlessness; whereas, a secret Intrigue heightens your Enjoyment by the Circumstance of Theft: I tell thee Jack, 'tis as curious a thing to manage iniquity to Advantage, as the Scotch Receipt to kill the Devil.

Fair. Kill the Devil! Ned — prithee what dost mean?

Lov. I'll tell thee a Story, — Since the Restoration of Presbytery in Scotland, there was an eminent Holder-forth, near Edinburg, that wou'd needs inform his Congregation, How to kill the Devil. Can any, among you, tell how to kill the Devil (says he) turning about his Drum Ecclesiastick, Can you? Or you? Or you? No, no, none of you can tell; — for you cannot hang him, for he's as light as a Feather; you cannot drown him, for he's Cork all up to the Arse; you cannot stick him, for his Hide is as thick as a Highlander's Target; and what will you do then, Beloved, to kill the Devil? — Mark me, I'll tell you, Beloved, you must shoot him with the great Gun of the Word of God; as thus Beloved, in yon corner, there's the Muckle Devil, and here stand I, and thus take up the Word of God, well prim'd with Faith, Beloved, and with it I will shoot the Devil; shoo, shoo, hoo, hoo, and with that he flung the Bible at the destin'd place, and knock'd down a poor Holy Sister, that was taking a refreshing Nap.

Fair. What dost thou mean by this? Which is no more to the purpose, than a Courtney Parson's Sermon to his Text.

Lov. Oh, Sir, you err mightily, for 'tis doubly to my purpose; first, to shew you, that 'tis no easie matter to manage iniquity well, since 'tis of equal difficulty to the killing the Devil; which secondly, may be done, to our Satisfaction, by the Word of God; have but that enough in your Mouth, and your Tail will never be suspected as a false Brother.

Davi. But who can conceal his Vices from the World, if he give himself once privately over to them, they would be out of his power to conceal.

Lov. No, no, David, a little Custom will do all.

Davi. Well, well, Gentlemen, if I were not innocent, I could ne'er have dar'd to pronounce so bold a Challenge; and had I not been spotless as the Dove, in the Canticles, I durst never have made such an earnest Apostrophe to the Lord, who knew the Secrets of my Heart, no more than a Coward, Bully a known Man of Courage. But were I guilty, why did no body answer me in the face of the Congregation?

Lov. Truly, little David, the Church was so throng'd, with those that came to weep, those that came to laugh, and those that came to sleep, that a Man might aforesoe have got under the Gallows, at Execution day, as have come within hearing of you; your Arrogance else had been bauk'd by a young tell-tale Rogue, that wears he saw thee,

from a fellow-feeling Brothers, come reeling home, as drunk as a Squire of *Affaria* from a Bowl of Punch.

Fair. But with what Impudence couldst thou say, thou didst awake some drowsie Auditors, lest they should be strook dead for not minding thy Noniesical Harangue, as *Emybus* was, for sleeping at the Sermon in St. Paul? - when thou didst not fear to provoke Heaven to strike thee, for calling it to Witness, of thy being never guilty of any immoral Action; when thou couldst not but remember how thou didst barely disown thy own Father at Oxford, because the honest Hind was not dressed in Scarlet; but perhaps, thou didst not think that any Crime.

David. All Malicious Impostures of my Enemies Inventions: Is not the Miracle my Prayers have done, an undeniable Proof of my Sanctity?

Lov. How, how, little *David*, what a paw word was that? It smells as much of Popery, as thy new advanc'd infallibility of the Clergy. I thought Miracles had been ceas'd many a fair day ago, and that you might assoon find a Gamester without Dice, and other necessary Implements of his Art, or a Player without Impudence; as an interlacing Prayer, that cou'd rob the Physician of his Fee.

Dav. I will leave you, ye generation of Vipers, who turn the most holy Declarations of the Jussification of the Innocent into ridicule; you are possest with a Devil, beyond the Power of a Golpel holder-forth to cast out of ye.

Lov. Well, honest *David*, if thou wilt leave us, thou shalt not go without some words of Comfort; for since thou hast declared solemnly, that he that keeps the whole Law, and allows himself but one beloved Sin, is worse than he that is guilty of all the Lewdness, Prophaneries, and Villanies in the World; the Whore Masters, Cheats, Atheists, Poets, Fidlers, and Players, intend to establish a Pension for thee, during Life; and will have a Nocturnal Congregation, where, thou in an audible Voice, shalt enforce this Doctrine, that a Man that commis but one Sin, is worse than he that commis ten thousand.

Fair. The tenet is so good an encouragement to the young and fearful sinners, by persuading them that they had as good go through stuck with the work, and eat of every dish of the Feast of Debauchery, since they shall pay no more, than if they had tast'd but of one, that I do not wonder at their generous reslove.

Dav. I'll begone, and shake the dirt off my Feet on that wicked street of yours, that did not receive me, but turn me away with contempt. Wo, wo, and wo be unto thee, for it shall be better for *Whetstone's Park*, or *Tower-Hill*, in the day of Tribulation, than with thee; for if they had had the Happiness to hear me Preach, they would have left their Iniquities, *exit David*.

Lov. Well, Divinity is gone with a fury from us; and 'tis well one of the Vials of the *Revelations* is not in his hands, else he would certainly pour it all out on *Lombard-street*.

